

The Pocahontas Times.

"Montani Semper Liberi!"

Andrew Price, Editor

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VOL. 16, NO. 16

MARLINTON, WEST VIRGINIA, NOVEMBER 10, 1898.

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Though American moralists love peace, and look very sad when they hear talk of war, and grieve over the necessity for warlike preparations, yet they have to be something more than average persons if they do not feel a smile rippling over their elongated features when they notice the advance wheat is making at Liverpool, the wheat centre of the wheat universe. Consider the matter as we may, there is no closing our eyes to the fact that war talk puts dollars into American pockets. When Americans have seven hundred millions of wheat, millions of bogs, vast amounts of corn, oats, beef, and cotton on hand, it is hard for them to feel very sorry about prospects of war when it is remembered that war talk and warlike preparations are scratching the dollars into the depleted pocket books. It may be possible however that there are Americans who can not see that war talk has anything to do with it, and that it is the Dingley Tariff that causes the English markets to be higher than they have yet been on the present crop, that is making provisions advance, exports enormous beyond precedent, and getting the cotton crop ready for being marketed.

One of the most statesmanlike and judicious speeches made during the campaign just closed was that delivered by Hon. H. G. Davis at Piedmont, October 11th. It deserves to become historical and adopted as a model of public addresses. It concludes with these sentiments, worthy of permanent remembrance by our young men.

"Our Republic is based upon self-government. It is a principle which the founders charged us to guard well. As long as the Government remains of the people it is safe. When it drifts into the hands of the few it has lost its anchorage and is in danger. Rome, the greatest republic the world has ever seen, prospered and grew as long as local self-government was practiced. When the control of her affairs passed into the hands of selfish and ambitious men her strength was weakened. They sought to enlarge their power by conquering and governing other countries, but the citizen was no longer independent and free. His rights and liberties were usurped and the principle of self-government was gone. The nation tottered and fell, destroyed by the want of vigilance of the people in preserving their liberties as free and independent citizens. Remember to keep well within your control the right of representation and taxation, to hold your representatives accountable to you for their stewardship, and to preserve inviolate the principles of free government."

Alcoholism Among Animals.

"The taste for alcohol," says the Revue Scientifique, "is not the privilege of man alone. It is well known that the horse will eagerly drink a quart of red wine, and that dogs love beer. The exploits of Gideon in Zola's 'La Terre' attest from the stand point of literature the bacchic tastes of the animal. Now Medicine Moderne tells us of a demonstration, made by Mr. Tuttle of London, that even butterflies may go on a spree. In a public lecture, Mr. Tuttle shut up in a case male and female butterflies with flowers of divers species. Now, while the female butterflies quenched their thirst modestly by sipping a few drops of dew in the calyx of a rose, the males indulged in characteristic intemperance. They went straight to the flowers whose distillation produced the most alcohol, and indulged in their juices till they fell senseless where they stood. The butterflies were dead drunk. To further convince his auditors, Mr. Tuttle introduced into the case a glass of water and several glasses of brandy. The male butterflies, without hesitation, chose the brandy. The fact does not admit of doubt. Male butterflies in a state of freedom are often attracted by the emanations of a glass of gin that has been left on a garden table, and having drunk it to excess, sleep the heavy sleep of drunkenness."—Literary Digest.

The Exception.

She—A burked child dreads the fire, it is said.
He—Oh, I don't know; the majority of widowers marry again.—Chicago Record.

To Cure a Cold in One Day.

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CHORUS OF WOMEN.

They're always abusing the Women as a terrible plague to men; They say we're the root of all evil, and repeat it again and again; Of war and quarrels and bloodshed, all mischief, be what it may.— And, pray then, why do you marry us, if we're all the plagues you say?

And why do you take such care of us, and keep us so safe at home; And are never easy a moment, if ever we chance to roam?

When you ought to be thanking heaven that your plague is out of the way,
You all keep fussing and fretting—Where is my Plague to-day?

If a Plague peeps out of the window, up go the eyes of the men; If she hides, then they all keep staring until she looks out again.—Translation Aristophanes.

County Sketches.

XI.

THE CIRCUIT RIDER.

In the city of Baltimore a young minister waited upon one of the older ministers of the Conference, a man of great influence in the church. The younger gentleman was the Rev. Walter Buchannon, who had just completed his examinations and who was to be assigned a charge by the Bishop at the Conference then in session. The other was the Reverend Doctor Bushnell, who had more than a fraternal interest in his young brother in the Lord, knowing that he was well prepared for the work before him. The young preacher was, naturally, anxious to know where his lot would be cast, as were all the ministers who were to be sent to new fields.

"Do you know, Doctor, where my work will lie?"

"Brother Buchannon, we have tried to have you assigned to an as important a charge as the circumstances would permit. We believe you have powers above the ordinary, and that you should not be discouraged by having to sow your seed in stony ground. We would have liked to have seen you stationed where the most people could have the benefit of your work, and I believe if you had been a married man you could have had the Pine Vale circuit, but whenever I advanced your claims I was met by the irrefutable argument that our ministers with families must be supported, and that our young men must serve their apprenticeship on the frontier. Why have you not married?"

"Doctor, I have always set my face against such a marriage. I do not believe that it would be right for me to marry just for the sake of being assigned a desirable field of work. While I would be glad to be the pastor of a large church, if my being married is to be a condition precedent, I will work among the mission churches all my life. I will do no woman the injustice of marrying her to advance my own prospects."

"Not so fast, my young brother. It is possible that you may be talking of a subject upon which you are not informed. I know of your high ideals; youth stands trembling on the brink of matrimony, 'hoping all things, and fearing all things.' But I tell you there is an element of business connected with choosing a partner for life which is inseparable from it, and I believe there is a Providence that brings young people to marry. Through all the winding ways of life they approach each other, and then their destinies are united. I mean that marriages are made in Heaven. You try to marry this year. If you succeed it will be purely and solely by the Lord's help."

"You are not joking with me?"

"No. I never was more sincere and in earnest in my life. Your puny efforts to bind another's soul to your own in marrying a God-fearing woman will not amount to anything without His help. I give you a year to get married in. Have you any attachment at the present time that seems likely to result in marriage?"

"No sir."

"Well, forget any wild dreams you may have had and go marry, but in the meantime I have selected the Sinking Spring charge for you, and the Bishop will send you there. I have a sister who lives in that circuit. There is work for you to do. Our people there are apathetic in church matters. The country dances and other worldly amusements have distracted the attention of the young people in religious matters, and while the people are well to do they do not give enough to support their pastor. A new church is badly needed at Willowdale, and if you can infuse a little life into those Christians you will do a noble work and one that will redound to your honor and glory."

"Who was there last year?"

"Brother Le Breton. He married a Miss Vinney of his congregation."

"Who was there the year before?"

"Brother Roland, who was not sent back because of his marriage to a Miss Thompson, one of his members."

"And the year before?"

"That was Brother Herbert who married a Miss Hazeltine, from Sinking Spring."

"Who did the one marry who was there the year before?"

"A Miss Sunderland. That was Brother Ranor whom you know. But you will find out when you get there as to the record of your predecessors. When I told the Bishop to send you to Sinking Spring he accused me of match-making at once. So to Sinking Spring you go."

A few days later Walter Buchannon met a young ministerial brother on the train, who laughed and asked him if he could come to his wedding.

Sinking Spring was on the quiet when they heard of the new minister, and the young ladies were all anxious and willing to meet him. It was not a question of whether he would be married in a year, but who he would marry.

They were counting on the wrong man, however, and Buchannon was perfectly furious when he saw by the actions of the people that they did not take him seriously, but rather considered him an eligible marrying man who would pick a wife of the many nice girls in and around Sinking Spring and go away to settle down to real work.

Buchannon commended with himself and never a devoted Catholic priest determined more completely to remain a single man than did this earnest young Christian minister. He consecrated himself to his work and he succeeded in making himself respected and loved. He brought his people to a sense of their duty, and he made it easy for the heart restless and unhappy for its want of belief to find its peace with the Author of its promptings. Great was the reputation gained by him, and the revival of religion at Sinking Spring was one of the greatest events of the conference year. He built his church in six months and his work was most abundantly blessed.

While his predecessors were, no doubt, sincere Christian workers, they were not endowed with his ability to guide and control, and none of them was destined to be the blessing to the Christian religion that the gifted young Buchannon is proving himself to be. The unfortunate circumstance of five or six ministers marrying in his circuit in as many years caused Buchannon to so conduct himself that gossip should not detract from his priestly character. He succeeded in doing this, and when his work among the sick and poor, and his self denying life made itself manifest, it lifted him out of the class of frivolous courtiers.

But as Dr. Bushnell had suggested, it may turn out that a higher power shapes our destiny at mating time. There arrived at Sinking Spring a city visitor, and it was Miss Mary Bushnell, Buchannon had made his home with Mrs. Devereaux, the sister of Dr. Bushnell, and was of course interested in meeting Miss Bushnell,

the daughter of the famous preacher whom Buchannon considered almost his patron saint.

Mary Bushnell was a very attractive young lady and her association with the handsome young preacher who was wedded to his work was not calculated to add to his peace of mind. Mary was accustomed to have the men she met bow the knee without protest, but after a few meetings Buchannon woke to the fact that as he was a prudent man he had better get away. There was a charm about the lovely girl that was dangerous to him, a celibate. So he packed up his saddle-bags and rode to the most distant corner of his moral vineyard, where the people were all wholly unconnected with church and religion, and he taught the people that what they had deemed so hard was to be accomplished by taking on the trustfulness and simplicity of a child, and he established the church of Mount Zion, which is an important part of the Conference to-day, and his great success brought his friends to his meetings, and with them came Mary Bushnell.

It can not be recorded that he struggled more against himself, but rather took every opportunity to see the girl and by some occult means the bond between them grew by imperceptible degrees until it became so strong that broken or unbroken their natures could never be the same again.

Then there came a day when Mary went to drive behind a team of big, strong, high spirited horses and her escort was a young man child whose ability to manage wild horses was not equal to his confidence which was born of ignorance. This particular young gentleman had come down from the city to see Mary, and he was a thorn in the side of Buchannon. The young preacher saw them driving towards him and when coming down a steep bank the team break away and come galloping up the hill opposite, totally unmanageable. He threw himself from his horse, grabbed a fence-rail, and by dint of barring the way with it and shouting with a terrible voice he stopped the team just as it had reached the top of the hill, and in time to save the occupants of the buggy from being dashed to pieces in the long descent about to be attempted by the runaway.

Then the dapper young city gentleman gladly acceded to the proposition of Buchannon that he ride his horse home and that he, the preacher, drive Mary in the buggy. The horses recognized the master-mind, and behaved beautifully, and Mary, recovering from her terror, gracefully surrendered when Buchannon asked her to be his wife. Both were afraid to think what the good Doctor would say to the match, and they devised this scheme.

Buchannon wrote and reminded the Doctor of his advice, and told him that he had found the only girl whom he could ever marry, but that she was so far above him that he feared to ask her father for his consent.

Dr. Bushnell replied that probably all that he needed was confidence and that he should not despair tho his sweetheart's father was the first citizen of the commonwealth, and that to give him more confidence he would add that any father who refused to give him his daughter because he was poor would be guilty of selfishness that could not be excused. He advised Buchannon to try to gain the consent of his sweetheart's parents.

Then Buchannon wrote and confessed the whole, explaining his resolution not to marry, and his God-given love, and his surrender, and Doctor Bushnell very graciously made the best of it and told his children to come to him. Very shortly afterwards they were married.

In speaking of the ministers of Sinking Spring Circuit afterwards the people would say:

"—And Dr. Buchannon he married a Miss Bushnell, and came back and made this one of the strongest churches in the Conference and since then we have had a married minister and a parsonage."

BIOGRAPHIC NOTES.

John Burgess, the Irish immigrant.—John Burgess, Jr., the Ancestor of the Pocahontas Burgessses.

W. T. P.

Concurrently with the passing century, the name Burgess has been a familiar one in lower and middle Pocahontas. The progenitor of this relationship was John Burgess, Senior, a native of Ireland. He was a weaver by occupation and settled near Albany, N. Y., where he diligently plied his vocation, some years previous to the Revolution. The name of his wife or her family is not remembered. There were two sons and four daughters.

Elizabeth Burgess became Mrs. William Young.

Two of the daughters, names not remembered, married two brothers by the name of Kelly, and lived in New York State.

James Burgess became a preacher in the pale of the Congregational Church, and settled in Kentuckey, among the pioneer ministers of that region.

John Burgess, Junior, married a Miss Kelly, of New York, and soon after the Revolution removed to Harrisonburg, Virginia. In his family were three sons and eight daughters, concerning whom we have the following details, furnished by David Burgess:

Mary (Polly) married her cousin James Young and settled in Augusta County. Their son William Young was a soldier in the war of 1812, and died in service at Norfolk Virginia.

Nancy was married to William Mayse and settled at Mill Point, now Pocahontas County. He was among the first blacksmiths that struck sparks from the anvil in that vicinity. William Mayse, a grandson, was a captain in the civil war and afterwards a government clerk in Washington, D. C.

Jane became Mrs. Thomas Armstrong and lived near Churchville, Virginia.

Hampton Burgess went to Ohio in early manhood, married a Miss Smith and settled in that State.

Nathan Burgess married Martha Kinnison, of Charles Kinnison; the pioneer, and settled on lands now in the possession of the Payne family. He was a skillful gunsmith. Late in the previous century and for a number of the earlier years of the current century, many of the older hunters were supplied by him with rifles. Some of his rifles were used by riflemen in military service. One of the best specimens of his workmanship was made for the late William McNeil, of Buckeye. When last heard of it was the property of James Moore. It was reputed to be one of the most accurate in aim and far reaching of mountain rifles ever in the county. It would be well if it could be gotten and deposited in the Museum of the West Virginia Historical Society at Charleston.

John Burgess was born near Albany in 1778. He was a mere youth when his father came to Harrisonburg. From Rockingham he came to the Levels, about 1798. His first marriage was with Sarah Casebolt, and lived near Mill Point. The children of the first marriage were John, James, Archibald, Paul, Hannah and Mary. Hannah became Mrs. David McNeil and lived in Augusta. The first Mrs. Burgess died about 1813. Soon after her death John Burgess moved to the mountain farm, west of the head of Swago.

His second marriage was with Hannah McNeil, daughter of Daniel McNeil, in the vicinity of Churchville. The McNairs were pioneers along with the Boones, Millers, Moffetts and McDowells, notable families in the Valley of Virginia, in the pioneer era. The McNairs were from Pennsylvania. The children of the second marriage were David, Martha and Elizabeth.

John Burgess was a carpenter by occupation. He did the carpenter work on the dwelling occupied for many years by the late George W. Poage, the ruins of which are still to be seen near Preston, Clark's beautiful home. The Jordan barn

near Hillsboro was one of his many jobs, and still stands in a good state of preservation. For a long series of years he made most of the coffins needed in lower Pocahontas. He was drafted into military service during the war of 1812, but owing to the critical state of his wife's health, he was permitted to put in a substitute, and remain with his family. He thus escaped the suffering and privation that caused the death of many of our mountain people during the notable defense of Norfolk vicinity that was planned to shield Richmond from British invasion and depredation.

John Burgess, Jr., of John, the immigrant, the immediate ancestor of the Pocahontas families, whose history is illustrated in part by this sketch, claimed to have been a Revolutionary soldier and served in the artillery, and was one of the first to enlist and the last to be discharged of the New York Continental Troops. While we have in hand no positive information to this effect, yet there is much reason for believing that John Burgess, Jr., was at the surrender of General Burgoyne.

As the reader will readily remember very memorable events occurred not very far from where John Burgess, the immigrant, lived and reared his family. It is more than probable that his loom wove the blanket his son used in the service and some of the neighbor soldiers were clothed in material prepared by his industrious hands.

Thus close one more brief chapter in the suggestive history of our Pocahontas People. Let it be our aim not only to emulate, but surpass what our ancestry accomplished, and ever strive not only to keep but improve upon what has come to us from their self-sacrificing toils and good names.

She Had Her Way.

"I shall have to ask you for a ticket for that boy, ma'am."

"I guess not."

"He's too old to travel free. He occupies a whole seat, and the car is crowded. There are people standing up."

"That's all right."

"I haven't time to argue the matter ma'am. You'll have to pay for that boy."

"I've never paid for him yet and I'm not going to begin now."

"You've got to begin sometime. If you haven't had to put up fare for him you're mighty lucky, or else you don't do much traveling."

"That's all right."

"You'll pay for that boy, ma'am, or I'll stop the train and put him off."

"That's all right. You put him off if you think that's the way to get anything out of me."

"You ought to know what the rules of this road are ma'am. How old is that boy?"

"I don't know. I never saw him before. If you want a ticket for him you'd better ask that old gentleman down the aisle. He got on with him.—Philadelphia Press.

African Courtship.

The other evening I saw among the natives the carrying off of a girl from a location. This carrying off is called by them *ukutwala*, and the girl, tho not indisposed to accept the man, causes obstacles to be placed in his way. He eventually watches his opportunity (after first placing so many head of cattle in the kral of the girl's father) and carries her off by main force. The heart-rending cries of the bride as she is carried away are something pitiful—a cry that pierces the heart of a Christian, but is a cry of her own, which, being interpreted, means: "Do n't take me, but I want to go, for I like it."—Johannesburg Standard.

"The first wire-wound gun ordered by the United States is expected to be delivered at the proving ground at Sandy Hook, New York harbor, soon," says Cassier's Magazine. "This gun will be of 10 inches bore, 46 calibre in length, and will weigh 30 tons. The contract specifies a normal initial velocity of 2,600 feet per second, or 800 feet per second more than that required for any hooped gun in the United States service. J. H. Brown the inventor of this type of gun is confident that it will stand a charge sufficient to raise the muzzle velocity to 3,000 feet per second without material injury to its structure. From official experiments already made at Sandy Hook proving ground with an experimental Bush Brown gun, this initial velocity appears not only possible, but probable."